

Upset

by chopstickswordsman

Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-09-18 19:57:04

Updated: 2005-09-18 19:57:04

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:46:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 849

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Rebeelion is flaring up among Earth's many colonies. Earth itself has a rebel faction which is just beginning to go into action. The government's response is beginning as well.

Upset

Blood Rebellion

Private Jerry Smith moved through the green jungle foliage that reached up and brushed his thighs. His MA2B Assault Rifle felt too heavy, as did the pack on his back, and everything else he carried. The rain that came down turned the ground into mud. Vehicles bogged down, and sometimes people did, too. His two friends, Jeff Dillard, and Max Yu, followed close behind him. Damn the rebels, he thought. Earth had been had been overcrowded for too long, and finally people began to snap. The rebels had their base here, in the muddy Amazon, and that was why Jerry and his two remaining squadmates were trying to move through the waist-deep mud and spider-infested plants.

The squad had been ambushed a few hours earlier. All the men except Jerry, Jeff, and Max had been out in a small clearing when automatic fire had torn through the foliage and cut the Sarge down. The others had retaliated, and had killed several of the ambushers, before they had all gone down. Jerry had hit the dirt, along with his two friends, and as the ambushers came forward to inspect their bloody handiwork, they had let loose with 196 round of automatic fire, more than enough to make the four remaining foes crumple to the mud, and lie there in growing pool of red.

"Careful," said Max as they walked into another clearing. He was the squad's sniper, and as such carried an S1 sniper's rifle fitted with an Oracle scope. He hung back, and rested his finger lightly on the trigger. The first sign of trouble came when automatic fire tore through the plants near the ground and punched divots out of the mud. Six hostiles emerged into the clearing, firing as they went. Jerry and Jeff hit the dirt, or, in this case, brown, wet mud.

"Put 'em down!" screamed Jerry. He heard four cracks, and four of the hostiles went down, their skulls perforated by sniper bullets. Red flowers had burst on their heads to mark where the bullets had entered.. Bits of brain tissue and blood hit the ground, and the four men fell. Jerry dodged behind a tree. He saw Jeff do the same. Bullets smacked into the trees the two were using as cover, spilling their sap everywhere. Jerry waited until the rebels were reloading, then sprang from his cover and fired from the hip. Blood spattered as the rebels were cut down. "Come on!" Jerry ran out of the clearing, and the others followed suit.

The trio came into yet another clearing. The first thing they noticed was the Warthog that was parked down the slope. The second was the two dozen or so rebel troops milling about around the 'Hog. The third thing was that while the vehicle had no driver, it had a gunner. The muzzle flash from the weapon lit up the area, and bullets thundered up the slope towards the three marines.

The first few bullets went wide, but the next shots began to land near the three soldiers.

"Get the gunner!" yelled Jerry.

Max shouldered his Sniper Rifle and pulled the trigger. The muzzle flash reflected from droplets of water clinging to leaves and stems. The round put a 14.9 mm hole in the gunner's skull. He slumped over the chaingun and fell out of the Warthog's turret. The trio lay down and began to crawl towards the enemy, firing as they went. Short bursts hit several rebels, and the rebels' continuous fire cut down the long grass. When the Marines reached the Warthog, Jerry swung himself up into the driver's seat, Max got into the passenger seat, and Jeff manned its turret. There was one problem: The two dozen or so Rebels between them and the doors.

No one knew his real name. All they knew was that he was a contract killer, and that his nickname was Bleed, because of the particularly bloody way his victims were murdered. And his victims always murdered. He was being paid a very large sum of cash by the rebel organization to remove Joshua Taylor, the president of the United Nations. He moved into the back yard of the presidential house, and used the cover of two nearby trees to hide from the guards who stood there. His silenced pistol coughed twice. The two guards standing at the door fell immediately. He took a card key from one of the guards, ran it through its slot, and the door opened.

He moved through the dark corridors, avoiding guards as he went, until he reached the room of his target. He entered, and closed the door behind him. The target was asleep on his bed when the four knives entered his body. Blood soaked the sheets. The man called Bleed left the knives in him. There would be fingerprints, but fingerprints couldn't tell his location. He left in a hurry, setting off an alarm as he went. In all the commotion, none of the guards noticed him as he ran outside and into the night.

End  
file.